LITERARY EXAMINER.

Freedom of the Mind.

Free is the eagle's wing,
Cleaving the sun's warm ray—
Free is the mountain spring,
As it rushes forth to-day:
But freer far the mind—
Priceless its liberty;
No hand must dare to bind—
God made it to be free!

You may chain the eagle's wing,
No more on the clouds to soar—
You may seal the mountain spring,
That it leap to light no more:
But the mind let none dare chain—
Better it cease to be!
Born not to serve, but reign—
God made it to be free!

Free is the mountain breeze,
Floating from airy height—
Free are the rushing seas,
And free heaven's golden light:
But freer than light or air,
O'er the ever-rolling sea,
Is the mind beyond compare—
God made it to be free!

Then guard the gem divine,
Than gems or gold more rare;
Keep watch o'er the sacred shrine,
No foe must enter there:
Oh, let not error bind,
Nor passions reign o'er thee;
Keep the freedom of the mind—
God made it to be free!

[From the French of X. B. Saintaine.]

Historical Tableau.

It was Saturday, the last day of August, 1483. In a gloomy castellated mansion on the banks of the Loire, not far from the city of Tours, five persons, each of a very different aspect from the other, were assembled in a large apartment, hung with gilt leather, and more abundantly furnished with arms, vials, and relics, than with articles of comfort or of luxury. This dreary chamber was only to be approached by a narrow staircase, which wound its way through the massive wall. A pale, worn sufferer, with a haggard and restless eye, lay stretched upon a couch. At one side of him a venerable hermit knelt in prayer; at the other stood a physician, immovable as a statue, with his forefinger pressed upon the pulse of his patient. Two others stood in a distant corner, silently observing what was going on, or now and then conversing in subdued whispers, or by the silent interchange of looks.

The first of these, of middle stature, and in the prime of life, united with an air of frank good-nature an expression of acute intelligence and clear-sightedness. He held an inkhorn in his hand, as if ready to write from dictation. He might have been taken for a notary, had it not been for the rich robe of black velvet which formed his attire, and the chain of massive gold which hung around his neck. The second, a man of tall stature and spare form, with a bald head, and a countenance expressive of mingled cruelty and cunning, stood with his arms folded, as if in the deepest anguish, and his thick shaggy eyebrows closely knit, whilst every now and then there burst from him a deep-drawn sigh.

There was yet another being, another sufferer, in the room. Will it, however, be seemly here to speak of *him*?—for he was but a greyhound. He lay in a corner, on a little bed which had been made expressly for him—for his master loved him well. Both had been equally devoted to the pleasures of the chase, and both had been taken ill on their return from a fatiguing course. The dog, like the rest of those who were present at this scene, kept his eyes intently fixed upon the patient; whilst the latter, turning apprehensively from the gloomy and foreboding gaze of the physician, glanced towards the dumb animal, and exclaimed, with peevish impatience, 'Can we not contrive to get up a death-struggle between the cat and the rats, as we did yesterday, to divert my good greyhound and myself, and to keep us awake? Oh, what agonies I am suffering!' he suddenly exclaimed, writhing upon his couch. Then turning towards the hermit, he continued, 'My father, pray to God to alleviate my sufferings. He only can. Even if He will not show this favor to *me*, He will do it for you, who are a holy man, and have never offended Him as I perhaps may have done. Pray to Him, father—pray very devoutly; He surely will not be able to refuse you anything.' And deep sobs mingled with the paternosters of the hermit, as he bowed his head in supplication, and earnestly besought of God and St. Eutropus that they would assuage the sufferer's anguish, and restore to him the health of the soul as well as of the body.

'That of the *body* for to-day; speak only of the body, my father,' said the sick man, laying his wasted hand upon the hermit. 'When one wants very much to obtain anything, one must not ask for so many things at a time.'

The monk obeyed; but the sufferings of the patient continuing in unabated force, he now turned towards the physician.

'Cannot *you* help me, my best friend?' he exclaimed. 'Oh, for pity's sake, do give me some relief: you are my only hope. I have already made you rich and honorable, I will make you richer still; but do not look at me in that way, or I shall think what I *would* not think! Unknit your brow, and rejoice in your good fortune; for by'r lady, for every month you keep me alive from this day forth you shall be paid, not, as heretofore, *ten* thousand crowns, but *twenty* thousand; yes, and more even if you require it.' The physician, apparently unmoved by all these brilliant promises, held a bottle of smelling-salts to the nose of his patient, and administered to him a few drops of some narcotic mixture. For a brief moment the sufferer seemed relieved, but it was not long before his sufferings returned with aggravated power.

'The relics!—the relics!' he exclaimed, turning anew to the saintly man, who still knelt by his couch. The monk, having made the sign of the cross, reverently approached a rich reliquary which lay on a small table in the centre of the room, and made the necessary preparations for charming away, by its touch, the sufferings of the patient. For this purpose it was necessary to lay it gently for a moment on the sufferer's head. The monk was feeble and attenuated—less perhaps by age than by continual fasting and self-mortification. He required assistance. He raised his eyes timidly towards the physician, who stood facing him at the other side of the bed: the latter only replied by contemptuously shrugging his shoulders, and with a scornful smile quitted his post by the bedside, where, however, he was quickly replaced by the man who wore the inkhorn by his side.

'If I recover through your means, oh, my holy and most powerful relics!' exclaimed the patient, 'I will erect to your honor a church, in which every one of you shall have his chapel; and there you shall repose in pure gold, studded with jewels, and prayers and invocations shall continually be offered at your shrine.' Then suddenly interrupting himself, he exclaimed in a hurried voice, and as if gasping for breath, 'The potion! the potion!'

A moment of calm now supervened. He sought to deceive both himself and others, and his courage and confidence in himself and in his destiny seemed suddenly to revive. 'Why should I die of this stroke?' said he: 'am I then so very old? That dog which lies there looking at me out of the corner, and which was ripped up by the stag—he is yet worse than I am: he is not possessed of all the appliances and means for the recovery of health with which I am surrounded: none pray for him. And yet they say *he* will recover. Well, then, *I* too will recover! I swear by the blessed Virgin I *will*. It is the want of air and of nourishment which is killing me: it is this confinement to my couch which turns my brain! I will rise and take a turn in the gallery, or breathe the fresh air; or else I shall go, I think, into the town, and show myself to the people—not as a miserable invalid, but in my hood and doublet of crimson silk, lined with ermine; or, better still, my rich dress of cloth of gold: it cannot be much worn, for I only used it once; yes, the day I went to meet the lord high constable. Let it be brought to me directly; and order my horse to be saddled; let him, too, be richly caparisoned with his Persian embroidered housings. You, my good friends, can come along with me, and in case I should need a little support, will lend a helping hand. Come, let us lose no time.'

Those whom he thus addressed took all these vain words for a passing delirium; but with a movement of impetuous haste he threw off his bedclothes, and sprung from his couch. The faithful greyhound, perceiving this unexpected movement, raised himself, not without effort, from his bed, and hastened with feeble steps towards his master. But weak as were the demonstrations of joy which the poor animal could at this moment show, even they were too much for the exhausted frame of the sufferer: he stumbled, and sunk fainting on the floor. The monk gently lifted him to his couch, whilst the unconscious offender was driven rudely to his bed. When the patient recovered from his swoon, he peevishly exclaimed, 'It was that accursed greyhound which tripped me up; but I will make another attempt.'

'You must not stir!' cried the physician in a tone of command which kept him passive as a child; whilst, as he looked on all around, and saw consternation and dismay in every countenance, a pang of anguish shot across his heart, for he felt that the fatal hour was at hand.

If ever man feared *death*, it was he who now lay on that bed of anguish. The very word was so hateful to him, that he had long forbidden it should be uttered in his presence. And yet, for the sake of his soul's safety, he did not wish to allow this dreadful hour to come upon him unawares. He therefore signed to the man with the inkhorn to approach him, and bend over his couch. The latter obeyed; and the sufferer, gasping for breath, feebly whispered in his ear, 'My faithful servant, it is *possible* that this illness may end badly for me; but I do not wish that the news should be conveyed to me in any other way than that on which we have already agreed; and if—in a few weeks—in a few days—perhaps—I should be in danger of—may God avert such an evil!' he added, interrupting himself—'remember only to say those few words, "Speak but little!" that will suffice.'

Whilst he thus whispered his wishes to his confidant, the physician was engaged in conversation with the bald-headed man whom we before noticed standing in the corner. This latter now approached the sick man's couch; and as the restless sufferer turned from his friend, he beheld this pale and sinister countenance bending over his pillow, and heard this voice, more harsh than sorrowful, saying to him, almost without preamble, 'Neither prayers nor remedies can longer avail you aught; you must prepare yourself to die in a holy manner, as all good Christians should do. The event is inevitable, and probably near at hand. It is to *me* a painful duty to announce it to you, as it is doubtless to *you* a painful task to'— The dying man, with a shudder, turned in his bed. His eyes were haggard; his lips compressed with rage; and he darted upon the speaker such a look of concentrated fury and despair, that he caused him to pause in his speech. A moment of awful silence ensued, which the sufferer was the first to break.

'I am not yet,' said he, 'fallen so low as you seem to think. Besides, had I only two moments to live, *here I* am the master, and I can still punish whosoever has dared to disobey me, and to dispute my will. Yes, I swear it, on my soul's salvation, amongst those now present, it is not I who shall be first to die!' As he thus spoke, he raised to his lips a small silver whistle which hung suspended near his bed. The monk laid his hand upon his arm, and said in a voice which was still firm, though expressive of deep emotion, 'And God! the Almighty God! do you forget that soon, very soon, you may be standing before Him?'

'God will grant me absolution, father, and so will you; for it is an act of justice which I am about to accomplish. This man has many a crime to answer for.'

'Sinner!' replied the monk in a tone of deep earnestness, 'it is God alone who has a right to be swift in executing His judgments! The justice of man should be slow, for he is blind and liable to err. Retract what you have said; if not, neither from God nor from me can you hope to receive absolution!'

The dying man listened in gloomy silence; and after a moment of reflection, replied in a voice which was more subdued than before, but which yet betrayed ill-suppressed passion, 'And this oath, on which I have staked my salvation; this oath! I cannot break it without risking my share in the joys of paradise.' And raising himself with much effort, he exclaimed in a resolute tone, 'This oath! I will fulfil it; I *ought* to do so, and I *shall*!' The monk had fallen upon his knees with his hands clasped; his companions gathered around the couch with an air of supplication. The proposed victim alone, the man with the bald head, stood immovable, his countenance impassible, and seemingly prepared to brave the danger. And yet it was evident that he was well aware of the imminence of the peril. His death-like paleness, and the cold dew which hung upon his brow, proved that his calmness proceeded rather from terror than from resignation. The expiring man fixed upon him an eye whose expression was that of power and malignity. 'I have sworn,' he exclaimed, 'that amongst the living beings in this room I shall not be the first whose breath shall fail.' Then pointing towards the corner where the poor greyhound lay crouching on his bed, he said in an authoritative tone, 'Take that dog, and let him be put to death this moment.' The man with the bald head did not wait for the order to be repeated a second time, but taking down a club which hung against the wall, he struck the dog violently, but with no uncertain hand. The unfortunate animal howled piteously, and was struck three times before he received his death-blow.

'Good Heavens! how he makes him suffer!' exclaimed the dying sportsman as he sunk backwards on his bed, his countenance betraying at the same time an unwonted degree of emotion.

'My son,' said the hermit, 'even the death of this dog is an act of guilt which you must expiate by a speedy repentance!'

'If God reckons the death of *this* animal amongst my sins, what may I not then expect!' murmured the sufferer in a feeble voice. 'Of this sin, father, I do indeed repent; for I loved this poor dog. We had often been companions together in the chase; and I cared so much for him, that I have had him nursed here under my own eyes. I have at least this conviction with regard to *him*, he is the only being amongst those lives I have taken away, who never once offended me. As an expiation of my offence, I desire that his form may be sculptured upon my—you understand me? Yes, sculptured in marble, and placed by my side. Now, father, receive my confession.'

From that moment the thought of death no longer seemed to press upon the mind of this still formidable sufferer; he recovered all his collectedness and *sang-froid;* he passed a long time in dictating instructions concerning his last wishes to the man who bore the inkhorn by his side; made his confession to the monk; and towards eight o'clock in the morning, after having discoursed long and wisely on the course to be pursued with regard to politics in France, he passed from time into eternity, and the hermit closed his eyes.

This hermit was St. François de Paule; the physician, Jacques Coitier; the man with the inkhorn, Philippe de Comines, the historian; the man with the bald head, Olivier le Dain, surnamed Le Diable; he who had just gone to his long account, the king, Louis XI.

Amongst all the dying wishes of this once absolute sovereign, but one, that which related to his dog, was religiously executed. In the church of Notre-Dame de Clevy, near Tours, a marble monument represents Louis XI. in the costume of a hunter, kneeling upon his tomb, his white greyhound by his side.

A Benevolent Method of Serving One's Self.

An Italian gentleman, with great sagacity, devised a productive pump, and kept it in action at a little expense. The garden wall of his villa adjoined the great high road leading from one of the capitals of northern Italy, from which it was distant but a few miles. Possessing within his garden a fine spring of water, he erected on the outside of the wall a pump for public use, and chaining to it a small iron ladle he placed near it some rude seats for the weary traveler, and by a slight roof of climbing plants protected the whole from the mid-day sun. In this delightful shade the tired and thirsty travelers on that well-beaten road ever and anon reposed and refreshed themselves, and did not fail to put in requisition the services which the pump so opportunely presented to them. From morning till night many a dusty and way-worn pilgrim plied its handle, and went on his way, blessing the liberal proprietor for his kind consideration of the passing stranger. But the owner of the villa was deeply acquainted with human nature. He knew that in that sultry climate the liquid would be more valued from its scarcity, and from the difficulty of acquiring it. He therefore, in order to enhance the value of the gift, wisely arranged the pump, so that its spout was of rather contracted dimensions, and the handle required a moderate application of force to work it. * * * My accomplished friend would doubtless make a most popular chancellor of the Exchequer, should his Sardinian majesty require his services in that department of administration.—*Babbage's Thoughts on Taxation.*

Here is the genuine spirit of Non-Resistance most beautifully expressed and exemplified.

Dying Testimony of James Naylor, 1660.

There is a spirit, which I feel, that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong; but delights to endure all things, in the hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations. As it beers no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thoughts to any other. If it be betrayed, it bears it; for its ground and spring is the mercies and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness; its life is everlasting love unfeigned; it takes its kingdom with entreaty, and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it, or can own its life. It is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression. It never rejoiceth but through sufferings—for with the world's joy it is murdered. I found it alone, being forsaken. I have fellowship therein with them who lived in dens and desolate places in the earth; who through death obtained this resurrection, and eternal holy life.

Knowledge.

Knowledge is its own exceeding great reward. It is not the gift of colleges, particularly. It is what the mind produces whenever it acts. Great schools are chief appliances for the lazy, to furnish substitutes for knowledge, by which they may make their way in the world. The youth who has a noble thirst for science is not so much benefited by a "liberal education" as he is apt to imagine he will be, before trying it. If your parents are rich, and have nothing better to do with their money, let them board you at Cambridge or Yale for four years. But if they are poor laboring people, stay with them and labor too. But don't the less strive for a liberal education. Be liberal in supplying yourself with books and time. Journey on foot, and study nature and men. Ask questions of everybody and everything. Thus doing, you will probably acquire more satisfactory and useful knowledge, and what is more, sounder character and firmer health—you will be more of a man—than if you distress your parents to have knowledge put into your mouth with a pap-spoon. It is thus that the greatest and best men are made in every country.

Marriages on Sunday.

It is said that the Pennsylvania Courts have decided that marriage is a civil contract, and that they have also decided that no contract made on Sunday is valid.—The Register says that the question is now being agitated, whether marriages made in that State on Sunday are lawful, and whether indictments for bigamy can be sustained when the first marriage had taken place on Sunday!

If you are for pleasure—marry! If you prize rosy health—marry! And even if money be your object—marry!

Boyle and Wilberforce.

Robert Boyle and William Wilberforce had much in common, although a first glance might lead to a very different conclusion. It will be well at once to dispose of the differences between their characters, that the essential likeness in their dispositions and aims, as well as in the events of their history, may distinctly appear.

Wilberforce was a man of a singularly sunny and genial temperament, with a temper so sweet that no provocation could ruffle it, and a fancy and eloquence so fascinating, that alike in the drawing-room and in the House of Commons, he was listened to with delight by all. Boyle was a grave, melancholic, formal man, whom Cowley and Davenant indeed praise for his wit, but whom Burnet speaks of as having had a certain too precise stiffness of manner even to his friends. He had no gift of speech, but on the other hand was afflicted with a stammer, and by nature he was choleric, and subject, as we have seen, to great fits of depression.

Such differences, however, are but skin deep. The points of resemblance are much more striking than those of difference. Boyle and Wilberforce were alike as the children of wealthy men, not high in rank by hereditary nobility, but meeting on terms of equality with those who boasted most of ancestral honors. Both were spoiled children, allowed in early life an unwise amount of freedom, and permitted to play with study in a way which they lamented in after life, and the evil effects of which they sought in maturer years to remedy. Both set out on foreign travel, actuated chiefly by the wishes of relatives, and the ardor of youthful curiosity. Both underwent, whilst abroad, a great spiritual transformation, which made "all things new" for them, and returned to their own country still very young men, to devote every energy to the extension of Christ's kingdom upon earth. They mingled freely in society, were welcome in every circle, were admired for their gifts and accomplishments, and early in life were famous over Europe—the one as a philosopher, the other as a statesman. Neither of them was what would be called a business man, and both constantly lamented that they had not been trained to habits of closer application; but each contrived, from a strong sense of the value of time, and a deep conviction of duty, to go through, in his own immethodical way, a greater amount of work than many of the most formal disciples of the red-tape school succeed in accomplishing. Both were indifferent scholars, and had no taste for verbal or philological inquiries, but the belief that the study of the Bible in the original was the duty of every Christian who could acquire the languages in which it was written, and a persuasion that such study would repay the student, induced each of them to become a proficient in Greek and Hebrew. In recognition of the importance of having the Scriptures translated into every living tongue, and in earnest advocacy of the claim upon the Church of Christ to send missions to the heathen, both were alike, and before their age. Their tongues, their pens, their influence with the great, their fortunes, and their sympathies, were all flung into the balance, to make the scale preponderate in favor of the claims of the destitute and benighted of mankind upon their brethren. They were alike also—Boyle, however, more than Wilberforce—in the catholicity of their religious opinions. Both were attached, but unsectarian members of the Church of England, counting it good, but not perfect. Many of their dearest friends, whose christianity was most exemplary, were dissenters, and they did not confound dissent with schism. The one was the friend of Baxter and Penn, the other of Jay and Clarkson. May such men abound, and break down "the middle wall of partition" which needlessly separates the true christian of one denomination from another!

Our sketch is completed. In labors manifold, in the founding of a lecture which should vindicate the claims of christianity upon mankind, in liberal gifts to every benevolent undertaking, in large secret charities to poor scholars, and the destitute of every class, Boyle spent his fortune and his time. He looked forward to death with christian composure and fortitude, but he trembled as a man. He had a very sensitive body, and was the victim of a cruel disorder, which he feared might rise to such an intensity in his last moments as to overwhelm his courage and his faith.—But it pleased God, as it has often pleased Him, to disappoint the fears of his doubting, yet faithful servant. He had scarcely taken to his bed before the curtain fell. The agonies which should prove unendurable were never felt. The bitterness of death was not tasted. The awful tempter who had poisoned the happiness of a long life, quailed before the benignant presence of Him who is with His people even unto the end. Life ebbed away, and its dying murmur uttered only the peaceful sound—"He giveth his beloved sleep."—*British Quarterly Review.*

Brave Girl.

While on the Colorado, I was told by "mine host" of an incident illustrative of the heroism of Texan females, which occurred near this place not many years ago. A party of one hundred Indians had killed two men working in a field, and put a third to flight. In these circumstances, a young woman, scarcely sixteen years of age, undertook to protect her family. Putting on the Captain's uniform, with a cocked hat, she courageously walked out of her house and beckoned to the Indians to come on, at the same time making signs to those within the house (only some women and children, and one old man) to suppress their ardor and keep still! The Indians supposing that the brave Captain's company were within, eager to charge, thought it best to withdraw from so dangerous a post, and they accordingly fled! Certainly the Texan Congress should have granted her a Captain's commision and pay for it.—*Rev. Daniel Baker.*

A New Race.

A hitherto unknown race of people has been discovered, it is said, in the interior of Africa. The men are tall and powerfully built, standing seven to seven-and-a-half English feet in height, and black in color, although destitute of the usual character of negroes in features. Mehemet Ali sent an expedition up the White Nile in search of gold, and there found this race of people—fifteen hundred of whom, armed to the teeth, came down to the shore of the river where the vessel lay. The name of the kingdom occupied by this people is Bari, and its capital Patenja. They raise wheat, tobacco, etc., and manufacture their own weapons.

☞ Are consumptive people aware that turtle soup, not too richly seasoned, is one of the most nutritious and palatable articles of food they can eat? It is excellent for all invalids.

WASHINGTON.

From the Curtis Recollections and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington.

PUNCTUALITY.

Washington was the most punctual of men. To this admirable quality, and the one equally admirable of rising at 4 o'clock and retiring to rest at nine at all seasons, this great man owed his being able to accomplish such mighty labors during a long and illustrious life. He was punctual in everything, and made every one punctual about him.

During his memorable journey through the Union, he had, before setting off, arranged all the stages for the whole route: the ferries, the inns, the hour of arriving at and departing from each, were all duly calculated, and punctually did the white chariot arrive at all its appointments, except when prevented by high waters or excessively bad roads.

His punctuality on that long journey astonished every one. The trumpet call of the cavalry had scarcely ceased its echoes when a vidette would be seen coming in at full speed, and the cry resound far and wide, "He's coming!" Scarcely would the artillery-men unlimber the cannon, when the order would be given, "Light your matches, the white chariot is in full view."

Revolutionary veterans hurried from all directions once more to greet their beloved Chief. They called it marching to head-quarters, as the dear glorious old fellows would overtake their neighbors and friends they would say, "Push on, my boys, if you wish to see him; for we who ought to know can assure you that he is never behind time, but always punctual to the moment."

It was thus that Washington performed his memorable tour of the United States—everywhere received with the heartfelt homage that the love, veneration, and gratitude of a whole people could bestow; and there is no doubt yet living a grey head who can tell of the time when he gallantly rode to some village or inn on the long remembered route to hail the arrival of the white chariot, and join the joyous welcome to the Father of his country.

And equally punctual in his engagements was this remarkable man nearer home. To the review, the theater, or the ball-room, he repaired precisely at the appointed time. The manager of the theater, waiting on the President to request him to command a play, was asked, "At what time, Mr. Wignell, does your curtain rise!" The manager replied, "Seven o'clock is the hour, but of course the curtain will not rise until your Excellency's arrival." The President observed, "I will be punctual, sir, nobody waits a single moment for me," And, sure enough, precisely at seven, the noble form of Washington was seen to enter the stage box amid the acclamations of the audience and the music of the President's march.

In the domestic arrangements of the Presidential mansion, the private dinner was served at three o'clock, the public one at four. The drawing room commenced at seven, and ended at a little past ten. The levee began at three, and ended at four. On the public occasions the company came within a very short time of each other, and departed in the same manner. The President is punctual, said every body, and every body became punctual.

On the great national days of the 4th of July and 22d of February, the salute from the then head of Market street (8th street) announced the opening of the levee. Then was seen the venerable corps of the Cincinnati marching to pay their respects to their President General, who received them at head-quarters, and in the uniform of the commander-in-chief. This veteran band of the Revolution had learned punctuality from their General in the "times that tried men's souls;" for no sooner had the thunder peals of Col. Proctor's brass twelve-pounders caused the windows to rattle in Market street, than this venerable body of the Cincinnati were in full march for the head-quarters.

A fine volunteer corps, called the Light Infantry, from the famed Light Infantry of the Revolutionary army, commanded by Lafayette, mounted a guard of honor at head-quarters during the levee on the national days. When it was about to close, the soldiers, headed by their seargents, marched with trailed arms and noiseless step through the hall to a spot where huge bowls of punch had been prepared for their refreshment, when, after quaffing a deep carouse, with three hearty cheers to the health of the President, they countermarched to the street, the bands struck up the favorite air, forward was the word and the levee was ended.—*Nat. Int.*

A Sister's Valentine.

Know ye that every flower that blows
A language hath, to rouse or melt;
That falls not on the outward ear,
But in the lonely heart is felt?

So I, a gentle *pensee* come
A messenger of love to you;
Bearing a billet in my leaves
Of nature's thoughts transcribed in dew.

My mistress plucked me far away,
Beneath a bright and sunny sky,
And said, 'Sweet gem, with autumn's breath
Like other flowers, thou shalt not die.'

'Within my herbal thou shalt live:
To stranger lands with me thou'lt roam;
A little exile dearly loved,
And cherished for the sake of home.'

Yet now a mission she provides,
And sends me with my gentle art,
To fan the sweet and holy flame
That warms a darling brother's heart.

Then frequent thou my leaves peruse,
Examine closely, and thou'lt see,
In language of the flowerets writ,
That fond appeal, '*Oh think of me!*'

☞ Learning is like a river, whose head being far in the land, is, at first rising, little, and easily viewed; but still, as you go, it gapeth into a wider bank—not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees and the beauties of various flowers. But still, the further you follow it, the deeper and broader it is, till, at last, it inwaves itself into the unfathomed ocean; there you see more water, but no shore—no end of that liquid fluid, vastness.—*Feltham.*

Dr. Channing had a brother, a physician, and at one time they both lived in Boston. A countryman, in search of the divine, knocked at the doctor's door. The following dialogue ensued:

'Does Dr. Channing live here?'

'Yes sir!'

'Can I see him?'

'I am he!'

'Who—you?'

'Yes, sir!'

'You must have altered considerably since I heard you preach!'

'Heard me preach?'

'Certainly! You are the Dr. Channing that preaches, ain't you!'

'Oh! I see you are mistaken now. It's my brother who *preaches*. I am the doctor who *practices!*'

Richard Hoodless, the Horse Hermoine.

Had the following narrative not appeared in a magazine—Chamber's Edingburgh Journal—favorably known for its respectability of character, we should consider it fabulous. It is marvellous, to say the least. It reminds one of the fable of Neptune driving his chariot over the sea.

We supposed we had heard of all sorts of heroes, but find ourselves to have been mistaken. A hero in humble life has been made known to us of quite a new order.—This brave man, by name Richard Hoodless, following the occupation of a farmer near Grainthrope on the coast of Lincolnshire, has for many years been devoting himself to the saving of mariners from drowning, and this without any of the usual apparatus for succoring ships in distress.—Unaided by such appliances, and unaccompanied by any living creature but his horse, Hoodless has been the means of saving many unfortunate sailors from perishing amidst the waves.

Cultivating a small piece of ground, which is, as it were, rescued from the sea, and almost cut off from the adjacent country by the badness of the roads, this remarkable man may be said to devote himself to the saving of human life. On the approach of stormy weather, he mounts to an opening on the top of his dwelling, and there pointing his telescope to the tumultuous ocean, watches the approach of vessels towards the low and dangerous shores. By night or by day he is equally ready to perform his self imposed duty. A ship is struggling amidst the terrible convulsion of waters; no human aid seems to be at hand; all on board give themselves up for lost, when something is at length seen to leave the shore, and to be making an effort to reach the vessel. Can it be possible, a man on horseback? Yes, it is Richard Hoodless, coming to the rescue, seated on his old nag, an animal accustomed to these salt-water excursions! Onward the faithful beast swims and plunges, only turning when a wave threatens to engulf him in its bosom. There is something grand in the struggle of both horse and man—the spirit of unselfishness eagerly trying to do its work. Success usually crowns the exertions of the horse and his rider. The ship is reached; Hoodless mounts two or three mariners *en croupe*, and taking them to dry land, returns for another instalment.

That a horse could be trained to these unpleasant and hazardous enterprises, may seem somewhat surprising. But it appears that in reality no training is necessary; all depends on the skill and firmness of the rider. Hoodless declares he could manage the most unruly horse in the water; for as soon as the animal finds that he has lost his footing, and is obliged to swim, he becomes as obedient to his bridle as a boat to its helm. The same thing is observed in this sagacious animal when being hoisted to the deck of a ship. He struggles vehemently at first against his impending fate, but the moment his feet fairly leaves the pier, he is calm and motionless, as if knowing that resistance would compromise his safety in the aerial passage. The only plan which our hero adopts is this, when meeting a particularly angry surf or swell to turn his horse's head, forward, and allow the wave to roll over them. Were a horse to face the larger billows, and attempt to pierce them, the water would enter his nostrils, and render him breathless, by which he would be soon exhausted.

In the year 1833, Hoodless signalised himself by swimming his horse through a stormy sea to the wreck of the Hermoine, and saving her crew, for which gallant service he afterwards received a testimonial from the Royal Humane Society. The words of the resolution passed by the society on this occasion, may be transcribed, for they narrate a circumstance worthy of being widely known.

"It was resolved unanimously, that the whole courage and humanity displayed by R. Hoodless, for the preservation of the crew of the "Hermoine" from drowning, when that vessel was wrecked near Donna Nook, on the coast of Lincolnshire, on the 31st of August, 1833, and the praiseworthy manner in which he risked his life on that occasion; by swimming his horse through a heavy sea to the wreck, when it was impossible to launch the life-boat, has called forth the lively admiration of the institution, which is hereby unanimously adjudged to be presented to him at the next ensuing anniversary festival."

As it may not be generally understood that a horse can be made to perform the office of a life-boat; when the vessels of that kind could not with safety be launched, the fact of Hoodless performing so many feats in the manner described cannot be too widely disseminated. On some occasions, we are informed, he swims by himself to the wreck, but more usually he goes on horseback; and is seldom unsuccessful in his efforts. About two years ago he saved the captain of a vessel and his wife, and ten seamen—some on the back of the horse, and others hanging on by the stirrups.—Should a vessel be lying on her beam ends, Hoodless requires to exercise great caution in his approach, in consequence of the ropes and rigging concealed in the water. On one occasion he experienced much inconvenience on this account—he had secured two seamen, and was attempting to leave the vessel for the shore, but the horse could not move from the spot. After various ineffectual plunges, Hoodless discovered that the animal was entangled in a rope under water. What was to be done? The sea was in a tumult, and to dismount was scarcely possible. Fortunately, he at length picked up the rope with his foot, then instantly pulling a knife from his pocket, leaned forward into the water, cut the rope—no easy task in a stormy sea—and so got off with safety!

Two-thirds of the human family—say six hundred millions—are supposed to be worshippers of idols; and instead of efforts being made to convert them, thousands of dollars are spent in fruitless attempts to convert the Jews—the people who first destroyed idolatry, and who have been miraculously preserved to carry out the great moral and divine object of breaking down the altars of Paganism.

Change of Opinion.

He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

On Injuries.

'Hath any one wronged thee? be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished; he is below himself that is not above an injury.'—*Quarle's Enchiridion.*

☞ A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified herself by quoting the passage, 'What soever you would that men should do unto you, do you even so to them."

What All Must Expect.

Manhood will come, and old age will come, and the dying bed will come, and the very last look you shall ever cast on your acquaintances will come, and the time when you are stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping relatives will come, and the coffin that is to enclose you will come, and that hour when the company assemble to carry you to the churchyard will come, and that minute when you are put into the grave will come, and the throwing in of the loose earth into the narrow house where you are laid, and the spreading of the green sod over it—all, all will come on every living creature who now hears me: and in a few little years, the minister who now speaks, and the people who now listen, will be carried to their long homes, and make room for another generation. Now all this, you know, must and will happen—your common sense and common experience serve to convince you of it. Perhaps it may have been little thought of in the days of careless, and thoughtless, and thankless unconcern which you have spent hitherto; but I call upon you to think of it now, to lay it seriously to heart, and no longer to trifle and delay when the high matters of death and judgment, and eternity are thus set so evidently before you. And the tidings wherewith I am charged—and the blood lieth upon your own head, and not upon mine, if you will not listen to them—the object of my coming amongst you is to let you know what more things are to come: it is to carry you beyond the regions of sight and of sense, to the regions of faith, and to assure you, in the name of him who cannot lie, that as sure as the hour of laying the body in the grave comes, so surely will also come the hour of the spirit returning to the God who gave it. Yes, and the day of final reckoning will come, and the appearance of the Son of God in heaven, and His mighty angels around Him, will come, and the opening of the books will come, and the standing of the men of all generations before the judgment-seat will come, and the solemn passing of that sentence which is to fix you for eternity will come.—*Dr. Chalmers's Sermons, in Posthumous Works.*

Gems of "Poor Richard."

The *New York Evening Post* has seen a copy of Dr. FRANKLIN'S Almanac of unbroken files for twenty-five years, from which it makes the following selections:

"If pride leads the van, beggary brings up the rear.

"Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee.

"God heals and the doctor takes the fees.

"Mary's mouth cost her nothing, for she never opens it but at other's expense.

"The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

"Tart words make no friends; a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar.

"Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

"A mob's a monster; heads enough, but no brains.

"Nothing humbler than ambition when it is about to climb.

"When prosperity was well mounted she let go the bridle and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.

"A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than a change in the moon.

"A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

"If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write things worth reading or do something worth writing.

"Nothing dies sooner than a tear.

"Kings and bears often worry their keepers.

"He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.

"Hunger never saw bad bread.

"Great talkers, little doers.

"The poor have little—beggars none—the rich too much—enough, not one.

"Mankind are very odd creatures. One half censure what they practice, and the other half practice what they censure.—The rest always say and do as they ought.

"Old boys have their playthings as well as young ones; the difference is only in the price."

The Lion's Leap.

Once I was traveling in Nemoqua Land, I observed a spot which was imprinted with at least twenty spoors of the lion's paw; and as I pointed them out, a Nemaqua chief told me that a lion had been practising his leap. On demanding an explanation, he said, that if a lion sprang at an animal, and missed it by leaping short, he would always go back to where he sprang from and practice the leap, so as to be successful on another occasion: and he then related to me the following anecdote, stating that he was an eye-witness to the incident. I was passing near the end of a craggy hill, from ten to twelve feet high, when I perceived a number of zebras galloping round it, which they were obliged to do, as the rock was quite steep, a lion was creeping towards the rock to catch the male zebra which brought up the rear of the herd. The lion sprang and missed his mark; he fell short, with only his head over the edge of the rock, and the zebra galloped away, switching his tail in the air. Although the object of his pursuit was gone, the lion tried the leap on the rock a second and third time, till he succeeded. During this, two more lions came up and joined the first lion. They seemed to be talking, for they roared a great deal to each other; and then the first lion led them round the rock again. He then made another grand leap, to show what he and they must do another time. The chief added, they were evidently talking to each other, although they talked loud enough, but I thought it was as well to be off, or they might have some talk about me.—*Capt. Maryatt's Scenes in Africa.*

Yankee Enterprise in Mexico.

Coaches run every other day from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. They are United States coaches, such as are built at Albany and Newark. They are drawn by four mules. Arrangements are now making to run a line from that place to the Pacific—Mazatlan to be the terminus.

Cause of War.

Sir William Molesworth stated in the British Parliament, last year, that the war with the Kafirs, in India, which cost the British nation £2,500,000, (twelve millions of dollars,) was occasioned by the loss of one axe and two goats, which were stolen by the Kafirs, or at least alleged to have been stolen!

Duties and Events.

Duties are ours; events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of the miserable, tempted, dying creature. On this consideration only can he securely lay down his head and close his eyes.—*Cecil.*